MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. MAY, 1913 No. 3

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TEN CENTS

MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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Vol. VIII **MAY, 1913** **No. 3**

TO OUR FRIENDS

DEAR FRIENDS:—

No doubt you have been wondering why I have so far said nothing about our tour, in MOTHER EARTH. Perhaps you have come to the conclusion that I have forgotten my promise to keep in touch with you through our magazine.

Indeed, that is not the case. But MOTHER EARTH being very limited in size, I have always felt that in justice to our readers, space should not be taken up unless there is something interesting to say.

Well, dear friends, our tour this time has been so uninteresting and tedious that I could not impose the recital of it on you, much as I wanted you to know how things fared with us.

To be sure, our tour has been "safe and sane"; but, like all safe and sane things, dreadfully uneventful and dull,—a situation harder to bear for a true rebel, than persecution. Nor is it the fault of our friends along the route that our meetings have been unsatisfactory. They have tried hard enough. In Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and Denver, the faithful few have left nothing undone to make our lectures known.

It is therefore not lack of coöperation on the part of our comrades, that was responsible. It's the lack of spirit all through the country.

It's the same old story that repeats itself quite regularly in this great land, before and after presidential elections. Before the election the average American worker or middle-class man is as fervent in his faith in his political candidate as the most bigoted Catholic believes in hell fire. After election the tension is broken. All the clamor, excitement, hope and faith resolves itself into mental sluggishness and spiritual apathy; in the idea, "Now we have done it. Let's give the chosen one a chance, and see what he can do."

Such is the deception, the poisonous effect, of the political lie. It robs the people of judgment before election, and of interest after election.

In the face of such a dead weight in the life of the American nation, any movement that repudiates the political lie as the prostitution of the intellect, must needs carry on a continual, incessant struggle against this national plague, and that is what we have been doing since we left New York. Hence the lack of events to justify my taking up space in MOTHER EARTH.

However, we have reached the point where silence may prove more harmful than speech. For the first time in eight years, MOTHER EARTH is in danger of being suspended, at least during the summer months, since its principal source of support—our tour—is at an ebb just now.

Friends, it is because I did not wish to burden you too much that I have, year after year, defied the "gods," that I have gone out on the road even though the struggle often seemed beyond endurance. But so long as we met with some interest, we continued on the thorny road.

But now I must come to you. Surely our magazine has endeared itself to you sufficiently to prevent the break in its continuity, to help us through the summer months,—the most critical time every year, and more critical this year because our tour has been below par.

If I am not mistaken in my opinion as to your attitude to MOTHER EARTH, you will respond to my appeal to send us your mite to our Sustaining Fund, and to do it without delay, as we must know whether we can go on with the next issue, or suspend. There never is an ebb without a flow. We know that the change will come, if only we can keep up during this critical period.

MOTHER EARTH represents quite a family. With each one demonstrating his kinship, we could easily weather the storm, and our magazine will again raise its drooping head. Immediate assistance is needed. Who will be the first to give? For I know you all will give.

Emma Goldman.

P. S.

From the 11th till the 18th of May I shall lecture in Los Angeles, at Mammoth and Burbank Hall. From the 25th of May till June 1st, in San Francisco, at Jefferson Square Hall. If the "fairies" favor us, we may remain in San Francisco until June 15th. Then to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, and Butte. I can be reached through the office of MOTHER EARTH.

At the close of the tour, I hope to give a general survey of our trip, with special reference to the cities that have justified this year's effort.

TWO SONGS FROM THE GHETTO

Translated from the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld,
By FLORENCE KIPER.

A MILLIONAIRE OF TEARS.

'Tis not a golden tuning fork
Attunes my voice to song,
Nor at a beckon from the stars
Do silver fancies throng.
A child's sad whimper in the night,
A wearied worker's moan,
O these alone awake my heart
Its music to intone,
And with a flame my song takes life
From my poor brothers' grief;
Therefore I die before my time,
With meagre days and brief.
What will they give me as reward—
In wretchedness my peers?
A millionaire of tears am I;
With tears they pay for tears.

WHAT IS LIFE?

If our life is but a sleep
For a few and fleeting years,
Must my aching eyelids keep
Only wearied dreams of tears?

If our life is but a feast,
We the guests about the board,
May I never taste at least
Some sweet morsel of the hoard?

If the world a garden is,
Where all roses bloom and blow,
Must I, yearning for their bliss,
Ever ecstasy forego?

If the world is but a strife,
Clashing sword and blood that drips,
Then I too can give my life
With a laugh upon my lips.

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS

WHEN the International Labor Congress, held at Paris, in 1889, had agreed upon the First of May as the international holiday of the proletariat, the labor movement seemed to become imbued with a new, vital spirit. The decision of the Congress represented something radically different from the eternal resolutions and pleas addressed to the bourgeois legislatures of the various countries, for protection of the men that toil—resolutions in which impotence and political demagoguery were but too obvious.

The idea of the International May Day contained the principle of Direct Action. The workers were not to be "represented." They were to act as grown, self-reliant men. They would lay down their tools on the First of May, march into the streets, and imbue the May Day with the spirit of the great struggle of labor, with its aspirations and aims. Thus would the First of May demonstrate the maturity and manhood of labor: the proletariat grown strong enough to stand on its own feet, needing no crutch of the politicians' support.

With the First of May were closely associated the ideas and ideals underlying what is today known as Syndicalism: the development and training of labor's inherent strength, of the economic power of the workers, *on the spot:* in workshop and factory; mutual aid and solidaric action by the toilers of every land to make the Day a universal demonstration against the system of wage slavery, and to give the world a foretaste of the Social Revolution that is to terminate the dominion of capital and authority.

In this spirit, it was the fervent hope of all revolutionists, would be celebrated the great May Day of the proletariat, growing every year in energy and clarity of purpose, till there would come a First of May that would realize in full the spirit of the great day, in the complete emancipation of labor.

But May demonstrations of this character did not fit in with the schemes of the politicians and bureaucrats in the labor movement. They systematically diluted the wine with water, and continuously sought to turn the revolutionary May demonstrations into peaceful assemblies and picnics. Especially zealous in this regard have

been the representatives of the Social Democracy in the various countries. These constantly flatter the workers with the crude assertion that the proletariat is the only real power of our time, the sole factor in the fortunes of the world, the depository of the deepest historic and social insight. Daily they crown him with the laurels of victory, but the moment the workers make the first step to test their strength, the politicians and leaders cry halt. They taboo every unauthorized by them expression of labor's spirit and power, on the ground that they, the self-chosen leaders, are responsible for labor, just as if the workers were a lot of stupid schoolboys who cannot be trusted with any responsibility. In those quarters a veritable conspiracy has been hatched against the real spirit of the May Day, and their efforts, unfortunately, have not remained without harmful and paralyzing effects.

As regards the United States, so far as one may at all speak of May Day demonstrations in this country, they represent little more than legalized parades, in no essential way different from the lawful September Labor Day, except that they are more insignificant in point of numbers.

In New York the May demonstration this year was nothing more than a Social Democratic affair. This party is straining every effort to degrade May Day into a purely party institution, to sterilize it and serve it up in the shape of canned goods. One might almost believe that the Socialist leaders have come to regard the First of May as a day specially invented for the greater glory of themselves, a patent monopoly of the party.

On the occasion of the May demonstration at Union Square this year, the Secretary of the Socialist Party happened to discover a wagon, from which members of the I. W. W. were addressing the audience. He felt deeply offended in his official rights, as the representative of the party which owns May Day. His law-loving soul rose up in indignation, and he forthwith called on the police to stop the I. W. W. from speaking in the square. He was evidently of the opinion that free speech should be permitted only to the political eunuchs of

the Hillquit and Berger stamp. But the police refused to do dirty work for the Socialists.

The N. Y. *Call,* a few days before the May demonstration, expressed the opinion that all that was necessary for the complete success of the First of May, was *good weather.* And after the affair, the Socialist paper sang a veritable dithyramb to the police, as follows:

"Responsible in great measure for the success achieved and order maintained at Union Square was the admirable policing. A strong cordon of mounted and foot officers met the incoming throng, and directed them gently, but firmly to their alloted quarters."

The official organ of the Socialist party humbly thanks the police for its "admirable policing" that was "in a great measure responsible for the success" of the revolutionary First of May! The same police that on every occasion suppress meetings, assault strikers, club pickets, and perjure themselves to railroad workers to prison.

Ye Gods! A May demonstration of the "class conscious" Social Democracy that is "in great measure" made successful by the most brutal and corrupt police of the world! What happy prospect for the future! Perhaps next year the police will be still more "admirable." They may even take pains to work out the program for the next May demonstration at Headquarters. The Chief of Police may even honor the demonstration by leading the Socialist parade in his own person and marching arm in arm with Spargo or Hillquit beneath the proudly waving banner, "Workingmen of all countries, unite!"

Unfortunately the workers are not yet sufficiently permeated with the spirit of the Revolution to break down the bulwarks of the old world of social injustice. When they will realize their mission, their very first effort will be to shake themselves free from the parasitic labor leaders and representatives. Then we shall have a First of May, the success of which will not be due to "admirable policing," nor its character determined by orders from headquarters. And when the sun in all his glory rises upon that Day, he will shine no more on masters and slaves, but on free men and equal.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE is no spot in this world—it has well been said—which has not been watered with the blood of the martyrs of liberty.

It was a year ago, on the 7th of May, at the height of the free speech fight in San Diego, that our comrade and active I. W. W. worker, Joseph Mikolasek, was foully murdered in that city. Bandits hired by the well-fed patriots of the Citizens' League, that at the time terrorized San Diego with the aid of its legal authorities, were instrumental in the bloody deed. Mikolasek was standing at the door of his house, when he was insulted and attacked, without the least provocation, by the hired plug-uglies, among whom there were also uniformed police. There was a brief exchange of angry words, and the next moment our comrade lay in the street, wounded to the death. Shot down in cold blood, like the hunter's wild game.

The cowardly murderers knew that they were protected, for the beast of property and morality was back of them. These respectable and law-abiding ones had conspired to drown free speech in the blood of its defenders. They had turned the city of San Diego into a jungle, in which murder, fiendish tortures, and kidnapping held sway. All this in the name of Law and Order.

The slayers of Mikolasek were never brought to trial. Neither the city, State, nor the Federal authorities did anything to bring the foul murderers to the bar of justice. Another proof of the brazen lie of the much-boasted "equality before the law."

A week after the murder of Mikolasek, on the 14th of May, Ben Reitman was the victim of a kidnaping. An automobile mob surrounded the station at San Diego, when Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman arrived in the city to fill dates for meetings. Our comrades were pursued all the way to the hotel, where they were besieged by the mob of law-abiding citizens, the vilest abuse heaped upon them, and their lives threatened. Late at night a vigilante, accompanied by a detective, forced his way into Comrade Goldman's apartment, and by a ruse succeeded in having her leave

her room, on the pretext that the Chief of Police wanted to see her. Meanwhile, a horde of vigilantes set upon Reitman, and threatening him with their revolvers if he offered resistance, they dragged him into a waiting automobile, driving outside of the city limits, about twenty miles into the desert. There they tore the clothes off their helpless victim, subjecting him to indignities and tortures such as only the executioners of the Inquisition would have been capable of inventing. After they had tired of their sport, they tarred Reitman and left him, bruised and bleeding, and almost entirely naked, in the desert. With great pain and difficulty Reitman dragged himself to a railroad station, many miles distant, finally joining Emma Goldman, who had been living in dread uncertainty all this time whether Reitman was alive or dead.

In this case, as in that of Mikolasek, the criminals went scot free. Official justice saw and heard nothing. Nor did it hear or see the hundreds of other free speech fighters who had suffered similar treatment at the hands of the well-to-do, respectable kidnappers and lynchers.

But we—we will not forget these crimes and outrages perpetrated by the property patriots of San Diego. We shall especially remember them because throughout the country there is being manifested the tendency to create more San Diegos wherever the workers are beginning to rebel. We shall strive to open the eyes of the people, that they may be prepared to defend themselves and to assert their manhood against the enemies of justice and liberty.

* * *

AT the McNeil Island prison the Federal Government is still detaining the four brave fighters for a free Mexico: Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Anselmo L. Figueroa, and Librado Rivera. They had been condemned for breaking the neutrality laws —condemned *unjustly,* for since their imprisonment at McNeil Island, numerous proofs have come to light that our Mexican comrades were convicted on false testimony and perjured evidence. Money from the Mexican government, corrupt American officials, and

degenerate individuals coöperated to railroad these men to prison. A number of affidavits—originally appearing in *Regeneracion*, the official organ of the Mexican revolution, and subsequently published in various magazines and newspapers of this country—have laid bare the whole network of lies and treachery, to which our comrades fell victims.

If the court had taken the least pain to look into the evidence offered at the trial, there would have never been any conviction. But the mischief is done; and now there at least remains for the Federal government the opportunity to correct the injustice by setting the prisoners free.

But it is suspicious and ominous that the authorities have so far done nothing in the matter. What is the purpose of the continued detention of our Mexican comrades, in spite of the many proofs of their innocence? Does the American government seek, by these means, to curry favor with the powerful American and Mexican interests that speculate on the defeat of the revolution in Mexico?

Ignorance as to the real situation cannot be the reason for keeping our comrades in prison. For the friends of the imprisoned revolutionists have for months past been calling the attention of the American government, and now of President Wilson, to the matter, by means of appeals and numerously signed petitions, in which the liberation of the men is demanded on the ground of the overwhelming proof that they were convicted on perjured testimony.

President Wilson has an opportunty to show what truth there is in his professions of justice and integrity.

* * *

IT is eleven weeks now that the silk weavers of Paterson, N. J., are out on strike. Their perseverance and determination, their courage in the face of the persecution by the authorities, has been truly remarkable. There is that deep sincerity in their struggle which perfers hardship, suffering, and eviction,—aye, even separation from their beloved children, rather than to return to the yoke under the old conditions.

During the whole time, since the very beginning of the strike, the workers have been treated in the most

brutal manner by the local police and authorities. They fill the jails to overcrowding; their right to meet and take counsel together has been abrogated; their advisers have been repeatedly arrested, charged with fictitious crimes. "What is the use of having jails," think the manufacturers, "unless we can throw the strike leaders and disturbers into them?"

Violence, and ever again violence, is the method by which State and capital seek to bring the starving workers to "reason." And while this legal violence rules the day, the kept press never ceases howling against the "lawless foreign strike mob."

The workers are unfortunately still too patient and passive toward such treatment. If they would use one-tenth of the violence that the representatives of the law employ, we would have civil war in Paterson as well as in other strike districts. Indeed, the events point to this end. Driven from pillar to post, beaten and clubbed by the police, exploited to the verge of starvation, and betrayed by the politicians, the workers are finally realizing that salvation lies in themselves. They have become tired of forever remaining dupes and slaves; they are gradually ceasing to rely upon others and learning to trust to their own power, the tremendous economic power that inheres in them, as producers. It will not be long before they will resort to such means and methods that will best serve their ends, all hypocritical peace politicians and bourgeois moralists notwithstanding.

* * *

UNDER the date of April 13th, the N. Y. *Times* published the following report from Pittsburgh, Pa.:

> The lives of 100 miners, possibly 120, were snuffed out shortly after noon to-day when an explosion occurred in the Cincinnati mine of the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, at Finleyville, 27 miles southeast of this city.
>
> More than three score men in the mine made thrilling escapes to the surface, crawling most of the 3,000 feet—more than half a mile—from the scene of the explosion on their hands and knees, through deadly gas fumes and over debris.

The lives of 100 miners, or possibly of 120, just "snuffed out"!—Thus runs the report of the press when

it concerns the sacrifice of hundreds of producers on the altar of Mammon.

Compare with it the "profound sorrow" at the death of such a monster parasite as Pierpont Morgan. The whole country, the government, "best" society, the potentates, the Church, the Pope, even God himself, are lined up at the bier to express their deep grief at the "irreparable loss."

And all this in the face of the Christian belief, so loudly professed by these pillars of society, that the poor will inherit heaven, while the rich will go to hell!

The wily Morgan, expert in putting it over friend and enemy, tried in his dying moments to cheat even his master, Satan. He willed his soul to God, but the Devil may be depended on not to let this fine morsel escape him.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago it was reported in the California press that McManigal, theJudas of the McNamara trial, had disappeared from the Los Angeles jail. Subsequently came the announcement that he had been given a vacation from his strenuous work as government squealer, and that he was taking it easy on a fishing trip.

Whatever truth there may be in these reports, it is certain that McManigal is to be freed soon. District Attorney Fredericks, of Los Angeles, is authority for the statement. Indeed, why not? It would be in perfect harmony with the morality of the noble institution of Law and Justice,—a morality according to which the vilest of all human degeneracy, the betrayal of one's friends and comrades, is rewarded by the State with the highest premium.

The State and its Judases are worthy of each other.

* * *

A MOST damnable outrage has recently been committed by the police of Los Angeles. On the 13th of April they arrested Comrades Lucy Parsons and George Markstall, on the charge of selling literature without a license. The literature in question consisted of books dealing with the Haymarket trial and the Speeches of the Chicago Martyrs. The police probably

felt that the truth revealed in those books is very dangerous—to them.

At the station, the harpy acting as police matron commanded Mrs. Parsons to strip herself for examination, attempting at the same time to take away the ring that had never left Mrs. Parson's possession since the death of her martyred husband. Upon her refusal to part with it, two police bullies forcibly pulled the ring off her finger.

The motto of Los Angeles is evidently, Government by bestiality.

* * *

IT gives us particular pleasure to announce to our readers the recent appearance of a new Anarchist publication, *Freiheit*.

The paper is the organ of the Federated Anarchist Groups, and appears monthly, in Yiddish. It is a token of awakening, among the younger elements, to a fuller realization of the urgent need of greater and more energetic activity along Anarchist lines, and as such we welcome the new publication most heartily.

* * *

A JOLLY good motto for Sabotage and Expropriation:

A poor man went to hang himself,
  But treasure chanced to find;
He pocketed the miser's pelf,
  And left the rope behind.

The money gone, the miser hung
  Himself in sheer despair:
Thus each the other's want supplied,
  And that was surely fair.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

WAR AND GOVERNMENT

By G. D. M.

IF I only dream of this word, war, a fright comes over me as if some one had spoken of witchcraft, of the Inquisition, of a thing remote, finished, abominable, monstrous, against nature.

When cannibals are mentioned, we smile with pride as we proclaim our superiority over those savages. Who are the savages, the real savages? Those who fight to eat the conquered, or those who fight to kill, and only to kill?

The little soldiers running about yonder are destined for death, as the flocks of sheep are that a butcher drives along the roads. They will fall on some field, the head split open by a sword or the breast pierced by a ball; and yet they are young men, who might labor, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who for twenty years have loved them, adored them as only mothers adore, will learn in six months or a year, perhaps, that the son, the child, the big boy brought up with so much love, has been thrown into a hole like a dead dog, after having been disemboweled by a bullet and trampled upon, crushed, reduced to pulp by cavalry charges. Why have they killed her boy, her handsome boy, her only hope, her pride, her life? She does not know. Yes, why?

War! . . . . to fight! . . . . to strangle! . . . . to massacre men! . . . . And we have to-day, in our epoch, with our civilization, with the extent of science and the degree of philosophy which the human race is supposed to have reached, schools where they learn to kill, to kill at a great distance, with perfection, many people at the same time, to kill poor devils of innocent men, with families to support and with no record of crime.

And the most astonishing thing is that the people do not rise against the governments! What difference is there, pray, between monarchies and republics? The most astonishing thing is that entire society does not revolt against the very word, war!

Ah, we shall always live under the weight of the old and odious customs, the criminal prejudices, the feroci-

ous idea of our barbarian ancestors, for we are beasts; we shall remain beasts, governed by instinct and never changing.

If any other than Victor Hugo had uttered that great cry of deliverance and truth, would they not have scoffed at him?

To-day force is called violence and is beginning to be judged; war stands accused at the bar; civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, frames the indictment and draws up the great criminal record of the conquerors and captains. The peoples are beginning to understand that the growth of a crime cannot be its diminution; that, if it is a crime to kill, to kill a great deal cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that if it is a shame to steal, to invade cannot be a glory.

Ah, let us proclaim these absolute truths, let us dishonor war!

Vain wrath, a poet's indignation! War is more worshipped than ever.

Truly, since governments thus assume the right of death over peoples, it is not astonishing that peoples sometimes assume the right of death over governments.

They defend themselves. They have a right. No one has an absolute right to govern others.

THE WAR OF THE CLASSES

IN his new novel, "Comrade Yetta,"* Albert Edwards tells a very interesting and vital story, a story of proletarian struggle and aspiration, whose roots are deep in the great social conflict. The book is illumining in many regards, but in none more so than in the light it throws upon the Syndicalist philosophy. In a discussion with Mabel, the trade unionist, and Isadore Braun, the Socialist, Walter Longman says:

"If you want it in one word, I'm a *syndicaliste*. We haven't any English word for it."

"He believes in a general strike," Mabel explained, "although not one trade strike in ten really succeeds."

"Exactly and because," Walter assented emphatically.

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* COMRADE YETTA, by Albert Edwards, Macmillan, N. Y.

"He believes," Braun supplemented, "that although the working people haven't enough class consciousness to vote together, we can ask them to fight together."

"Exactly and once more exactly! A general strike has more hope of success than a dozen little strikes, because it is a strike for liberty—and that's the only thing that interests all the working class. The trade strikes are for a few extra pennies. And when one of them does succeed, it's because of some bigger enthusiasm than was written in their demands. You went right to the heart of the matter last night when you said you had been striking so as not to be slaves. I'll bet you've seen it when you talked to the other unions. Which of your demands interested them most? Dollars to doughnuts it was 'recognition of the union.' They all have demands of their own about wages and hours. But when you say 'union' to them, you're saying liberty. You're appealing to something bigger than considerations of pay—to their very love of life.

"The basis of a General Strike must be an ideal which is shared by every workingman. The simon-pure unionists, the A. F. of L., the Woman's Trade Union League, are fighting for little shop improvements, different in every trade. Sometimes—often—one set of demands is in conflict with another. The one thing that holds the movement of the workers close together is this brilliant idea of union. And the leaders are busily preaching disunion.

"Read any history of labor and you'll see. First it was every man for himself. Then shop unions and each shop for itself. Then all the workmen of one town. Now, it's national trade-unions. To-morrow it will be industrial unions. The change has already begun. We already have the Allied Building Trades. Mabel's keen on allying the various branches of garment workers. The miners have gone further. They have a real industrial union. That's the next step. We'll have the typesetters, pressmen, folders, newsboys, all in one big newspaper union. Engineers, switchmen, firemen, conductors, roundhouse and repair-shop men all in a big brotherhood of railroad men. Twenty gigantic industrial

unions in place of the hundreds of impotent little trade organizations. No one can look the facts in the face and deny either the need of the change or the actual progress towards it.

"Braun shudders at the thought because the men who are now urging this change—the Industrial Workers of the World—are displeasing to him. They are not good party Socialists. Mabel don't like them because they tell unpleasant truths about the crooks in her organization. I don't like them personally, either, because they are just as narrow-minded as Isadore, and I guess some of them are as crooked as any of the trade-union leaders. But the idea is bigger than personalities. You mark my words, industrial unionism is going to be a bigger issue every year with the workingmen. It's going to win. And the outcome of industrial unionism is the General Strike and Insurrection.

"Isadore pooh-poohs the idea of bloodshed. The social revolution is going to be a kid-glove affair. He will admit the possibility of sporadic riots. But the great victory is to be won at the voting booths. Justice is to be enthroned by ward caucuses and party conventions. Victor Berger instead of Dick Crocker. The central committee instead of Tammany Hall. He really believes this, but it is based on two suppositions, both of which seem to me very uncertain. First, reason is to conquer the earth and the great majority is to vote reasonably—that is, the Socialist ticket. Second, the grafters and all the contented, well-fed, complaisant people are going to resign without a struggle.

"I don't think they will. They may not have the courage to defend their privileges themselves. But bravery, the fighting kind, is one of the cheapest things on the human market. Our government buys perfectly good soldiers for $13.50 a month. The privileged class always has hired mercenaries to defend their graft, and I think they will in the future. They've already begun to do it with their State Constabulary in Pennsylvania. Read about how the French capitalists massacred our comrades after the Paris Commune. That was only thirty years ago. I don't see any reason to hope for a very startling change in their natures.

"And then is reason going to rule the world—the cold intellectual convictions that Isadore means? I doubt it. The great movements in the world's history have come from passionate enthusiasms. Take the Reformation, or the English Commonwealth, or the French Revolution. Not one man in ten of all the actors in those crises was what Isadore would call reasonable. Reason is powerless unless it is backed by a great enthusiasm. And if we have that, we can turn the trick quicker with a general strike and insurrection than we could by voting.

"This question of violence or peace is a thorny one. We've got to separate what we would like to see from what seems probable. Bloodshed is abhorrent. But it is pretty closely associated with the history of human progress. Before the great Revolution the mass of the French people were in the very blackest ignorance. They've had a century of revolution and bloodshed, and to-day they are the most cultured nation in the world. The same thing is happening to-day in Russia. We read in the papers of assassinations and executions and insurrections. It means that the intellect of a great people is coming to life. And the mind of our nation has got to be shaken into wakefulness, too. We've got to learn new and deeper meanings to the old words justice and liberty. I'd like to believe we could learn them in school, by reading Socialist pamphlets. But all the race has ever learned about them so far has been in battle-fields and behind barricades. I hate and fear bloodshed. I believe it's wrong. Just as you said you thought it was wrong to lie. But I love liberty more.

"And there's one other point: Until we learn these lessons, we've got to see our strong men and women cut down by tuberculosis, we've got to stand by and watch a slaughter of innocent babies that makes Herod's little massacre look like a schoolboy's naughtiness. The Socialists don't like the word 'violence.' The reality is in the air we breathe. The landlord wracks rent out of the poor by violence—no amount of legal drivel can hide the fact that every injustice of our present society is put through by the aid—or the threat—of police. The whole force of the state is back of the grafters. It's violence that drives people into the sweat-shops, that

drives the boys to crime and the girls to prostitution. And all this deadly injustice will go on until we've learned the lessons of justice and liberty. Let us learn them as peacefully and legally as possible, but we must learn them. Blood isn't a nice thing to look at, but it isn't as unspeakably horrible as the sputum of tuberculosis."

"What you are saying is rank Anarchy," Braun protested.

"I've told you a hundred times you can't scare me by calling names. 'Anarchy' is just as much a word of progress as 'Socialism.' I think you've got the best of it when it comes to a description and analysis of society and industrial development. But the Anarchists have got you backed off the map in the understanding of human motives and social impulses.

"I'm an optimist about this social conflict. I don't think it matters much what form people give to their activity. The important thing is not to be neutral. The thing that is needed is a passion for righteousness. Once a person sees—really sees—the conflict between greed and justice, and enlists in the revolution, it doesn't matter much whether he goes into the infantry or cavalry or artillery. I see in society a ruling class growing fat off injustice, a great, lethargic mass, indifferent through ignorance, and a constantly growing army of revolt. Anybody who doubts the outcome is a fool. History does not record a single year which did not bring some victory for Justice. But a person's equally a fool—I mean you, Isadore, who tries to prophesy just how the war will be conducted. There isn't any omniscient general back of us, directing the campaign. The Progress towards victory is the result of myriad efforts, uncoordinated, often conflicting. It is entirely irrational—just like evolution. The anthropoidal ape, sitting under a prehistoric palm tree and picking fleas off his better half, did not know how—through the ages—his offspring were going to become men. Even with our superior intellects, our ability to study the records of the past and guess into the future, we cannot presage the steps of the progress. The directing force is the instinctive common sense of life. It's a more mysterious force than any theological God. It's always on the job, always

pushing life though new experiments, through 'variations' to the better form.

"All evolution has been a history of life struggling for liberty. It was a momentous revolution, when the first tiny animalcule tore itself loose from immobility, when it conquered the ability to move about in quest of food and a larger life. And so one after another life conquered new abilities. It's abilities, not rights, that constitute liberty. Think how many fake experiments life made before it turned out a man. The same process is going on to-day. You can't crowd life into a definition. Justice is being approximated, not because of one formula. The victory will come not because the people accept one theory, but because of thousands and thousands of experiments. And the ones that fail are just as much a part of the process.

"Gradually this common sense of life is awaking the minds of the lethargic mass. This is sure progress. It matters not at all whether the mind of the individual come to life in the trade-union, the Socialist party, or the Anarchist Group—or the Salvation Army. The important thing is that a new person has conquered the ability to think for himself. It doesn't even matter whether the words that woke him to life were true or not.

"Life isn't logical. And Socialism seems to me to have almost smothered its soul-stirring ideal in a wordy effort to seem logical. The trade-unions are illogical enough. At least you can say that for them. But it's only once in a while—by accident—that they sound the tocsin."

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THE REVOLUTION IS ON

By BEN L. REITMAN.

A talk delivered before the Good Government Club of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, Kansas, on April 19th.

MEN: I am glad to have this opportunity to talk to you. Not that I think it will do you any good, but because it is always a pleasure for me to talk to University students. I might say right here that students are very rotten propaganda material, and that if one wanted to try to influence any group of

people with his ideas, he would find it more profitable to talk to a lot of hod carriers, to unemployed, or school teachers. You students care little about new ideas. You are busy here in the University trying to commit certain text books to memory, in order to get your diplomas. You will study the French Revolution with the same indifference that you study Mediæval History, and you will commit to memory the History of the Labor Movement in America, just as you will the facts about the Renaissance. It is really remarkable to me that with all the Revolutionary ideas which are forced upon your attention, both directly and indirectly, so little of it affects you.

Now for my speech. The Revolution is on! Yes, the Revolution is on, and whether you know it, or believe it, it will change the world and affect you. It will pay you sometime to make a study of what the great French Revolution did for science, literature, and the common people.

All you know is ignorance. What you have been taught about History is a compilation of lies. The real forces which have made the world what it is to-day, you know nothing about. What you know about patriotism is silly sentiment. This is not a great, nor a free country, and the average "Dago," Jew, or Jap is better educated and more useful than most of you. All that your dear old mother and father told you about religion and being good is bunk. There is no God, and if you boys were capable of analyzing scientific facts and logical arguments, I could prove it to you. Morals are a matter of geography and station in life, and really educated people are beyond good and evil. All that you law students know and feel about the law, is either a lie or a joke. There is nothing scientific, humane, or just about the law. Silly, selfish men make the law; ignorant, arrogant men interpret the law; brutal, ignorant men enforce the law; and stupid, hopeless men submit to the law.

Yes, the Revolution is on. One of these days you boys will hear a great noise on the street, and you will see men attempting to take possession of the banks and workshops. You will ask what is the matter, and they will tell you that the Revolution is on, and you boys will get a gun or a club and try to crush the Revolutionists.

Your college course does not teach you that the working classes love liberty and economic freedom enough to fight for it. Andreiev, a Russian, wrote a play called "King Hunger," and he showed how poverty and despair drove the people to rebellion, revolution and failure. Many revolutions, though often failures, have been wonderful educators, because they had an economic or belly basis. Religious wars have usually been successful because they had an intellectual or spiritual basis. Now that the Labor Movement is becoming intelligent, the Revolution has become spiritualized. Workingmen have taken their eyes from Heaven and are seeing the same things by looking at the workshop, a place where men and women work and live in joy and freedom. The poor are changing their interest from the Church to the Revolutionary movement and they are experiencing the same emotions.

Look out! The Revolution is on! The workers no longer believe in the sanctity of the law, private property, religion or college education. Yes, that is why the Revolution is on. Real men hate nothing but poverty and tyranny, and want only freedom and a chance to express themselves and realize their own power to make the world a better place in which to live. THE REVOLUTION IS ON!

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THE DEEDS OF THE GOOD TO THE EVIL*

THE new arrivals are forlorn and dejected, a look of fear and despair in their eyes. The long-timers among them seem dazed, as if with some terrible shock, and fall upon the bed in stupor-like sleep. The boys from the reformatories, some mere children in their teens, weep and moan, and tremble at the officer's footstep. Only the "repeaters" and old-timers preserve their composure, scoff at the "fresh fish," nod at old acquaintances, and exchange vulgar pleasantries with the guards. But all soon grow nervous and irritable, and stand at the door, leaning against the bars, an expression of bewildered hopelessness or anxious expectancy on their faces.

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* From PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, by Alexander Berkman. Mother Earth Publishing Association.

They yearn for companionship, and are pathetically eager to talk, to hear the sound of a voice, to unbosom their heavy hearts.

I am minutely familiar with every detail of their "case," their life-history, their hopes and fears. Through the endless weeks and months on the range, their tragedies are the sole subject of conversation. A glance into the mournful faces, pressed close against the bars, and the panorama of misery rises before me,—the cell-house grows more desolate, bleaker, the air gloomier and more depressing.

There is Joe Zappe, his bright eyes lighting up with a faint smile as I pause at his door. "Hello, Alick," he greets me in his sweet, sad voice. He knows me from the jail. His father and elder brother have been executed, and he commuted to life because of youth. He is barely eighteen, but his hair has turned white. He has been acting queerly of late: at night I often hear him muttering and walking, walking incessantly and muttering. There is a peculiar look about his eyes, restless, roving.

"Alick," he says, suddenly, "me wanna tell you sometink. You no tell nobody, yes?"

Assured I'll keep his confidence, he begins to talk quickly, excitedly:

"Nobody dere, Alick? No scroo? S-sh! Lassa night me see ma broder. Yes, see Gianni. Jesu Cristo, me see ma poor broder in da cella 'ere, an' den me fader he come. Broder and fader day stay der, on da floor, an so quieta, lika dead, an' den dey come an lay downa in ma bed. Oh, Jesu Christo, me so fraida, me cry an' pray. You not know wat it mean? No-o-o? Me tell you. It mean me die, me die soon."

His eyes glow with a sombre fire, a hectic flush on his face. He knits his brows, as I essay to calm him, and continues hurriedly:

"S-sh! Waita till me tell you all. You know watta for ma fader an' Gianni come outa da grave? Me tell you. Dey calla for ravange, 'cause dey innocente. Me tell you trut. See, we all worka in da mine, da coal mine, me an' my fader an' Gianni. All worka hard an' mek one dollar, maybe dollar quater da day. An' bigga

American man, him come an' boder ma fader. Ma fader him no wanna trouble; him old man, no boder nobody. An' da American man him maka two dollars an mebbe two fifty da day an' him boder my fader, all da time, boder 'im an' kick 'im to da legs, an' steal ma broder's shovel, an' hide fader's hat, an' maka trouble for ma countrymen, an' call us 'dirty dagoes.' An' one day him an' two Arish dey all drunk, an' smash ma fader, an' American man an' Arish holler, 'Dago s—— b—— fraida fight,' an' da American man him take a bigga pickax an' wanna hit ma fader, an' ma fader him run, an' me an' ma broder an' friend we fight, an' American man him fall, an' we all go way home. Den p'lice come an' arresta me an' fader an' broder, an' say we killa American man. Me an' ma broder no use knife, mebbe ma friend do. Me no know; him no arresta; him go home in Italia. Ma fader an' broder dey save nineda-sev'n dollar, an' me save twenda-fife, an' gotta laiyer. Him no good, an' no talk much in court. We poor men, no can take case in oder court, an' fader him hang, an' Gianni hang, an' me get life. Ma fader an' broder dey come lassa night from da grave, cause dey innocente an' wanna ravange, an' me gotta mek ravange, me no rest, gotta—"

The sharp snapping of Johnny, the runner, warns me of danger, and I hastily leave.

The melancholy figures line the doors as I walk up and down the hall. The blanched faces peer wistfully through the bars, or lean dejectedly against the wall, a vacant stare in the dim eyes. Each calls to mind the stories of misery and distress, the scenes of brutality and torture I witness in the prison house. Like ghastly nightmares, the shadows pass before me. There is "Silent Nick," restlessly pacing his cage, never ceasing, his lips sealed in brutish muteness. For three years he has not left the cell, nor uttered a word. The stolid features are cut and bleeding. Last night he had attempted suicide, and the guards beat him, and left him unconscious on the floor.

There is "Crazy Hunkie," the Austrian. Every morning, as the officer unlocks his door to hand in the loaf of bread, he makes a wild dash for the yard, shouting, "Me wife! Where's me wife?" He rushes toward the

front, and desperately grabs the door handle. The double iron gate is securely locked. A look of blank amazement on his face, he slowly returns to the cell. The guards await him with malicious smile. Suddenly they rush upon him, blackjacks in hand. "Me wife, me seen her!" the Austrian cries. The blood gushing from his mouth and nose, they kick him into the cell. "Me wife waiting in de yard," he moans.

In the next cell is Tommy Wellman; adjoining him, Jim Grant. They are boys recently transferred from the reformatory. They cower in the corner, in terror of the scene. With tearful eyes, they relate their story. Orphans in the slums of Allegheny, they had been sent to the reform school at Morganza, for snatching fruit off a corner stand. Maltreated and beaten, they sought to escape. Childishly they set fire to the dormitory, almost in sight of the keepers. "I says to me chum, says I," Tommy narrates with boyish glee, "'Kid,' says I, 'let's fire de louzy joint; dere'll be lots of fun, and we'll make our get-away in de 'citement.'" They were taken to court, and the good judge sentenced them to five years to the penitentiary. "Glad to get out of dat dump," Tommy comments; "it was jest fierce. Dey paddled an' starved us someting turrible."

In the basket cell, a young colored man grovels on the floor. It is Lancaster, Number 8523. He was serving seven years, and working every day in the mat shop. Slowly the days passed, and at last the longed-for hour of release arrived. But Lancaster was not discharged. He was kept at his task, the Warden informing him that he had lost six months of his "good time" for defective work. The light-hearted negro grew sullen and morose. Often the silence of the cell-house was pierced by his anguished cry in the night, "My time's up, time's up. I want to go home." The guards would take him from the cell, and place him in the dungeon. One morning, in a fit of frenzy, he attacked Captain McVey, the officer of the shop. The Captain received a slight scratch on the neck, and Lancaster was kept chained to the wall of the dungeon for ten days. He returned to the cell, a drivelling imbecile. The next day they dressed him in his citizen clothes, Lancaster mumbling, "Going home, going home." The Warden and several officers

accompanied him to court, on the way coaching the poor idiot to answer "yes" to the question, "Do you plead guilty?" He received seven years, the extreme penalty of the law, for the "attempted murder of a keeper." They brought him back to the prison, and locked him up in a basket cell, the barred door covered with a wire screen that almost entirely excludes light and air. He receives no medical attention, and is fed on a bread-and-water diet.

The witless negro crawls on the floor, unwashed and unkempt, scratching with his nails fantastic shapes on the stone, and babbling stupidly, "Going, Jesus going to Jerusalem. See, he rides the holy ass! he's going to his father's home. Going home, going home." As I pass he looks up, perplexed wonder on his face; his brows meet in a painful attempt to collect his wandering thoughts, and he drawls with pathetic sing-song, "Going home, going home; Jesus going to father's home." The guards raise their hands to their nostrils as they approach the cell; the poor imbecile evacuates on the table, the chair, and the floor. Twice a month he is taken to the bathroom, his clothes are stripped, and the hose is turned on the crazy negro.

The cell of "Little Sammy" is vacant. He was Number 9521, a young man from Altoona. I knew him quite well. He was a kind boy and a diligent worker; but now and then he would fall into a fit of melancholy. He would then sit motionless on the chair, a blank stare on his face, neglecting food and work. These spells generally lasted two or three days, Sammy refusing to leave the cell. Old Jimmy McPane, the dead Deputy, on such occasions commanded the prisoner to the shop, while Sammy sat and stared in a daze. McPane would order the "stubborn kid" to the dungeon, and every time Sammy got his "head working," he was dragged, silent and motionless, to the cellar. The new Deputy has followed the established practice, and last evening, at "music hour," while the men were scraping their instruments, "Little Sammy" was found on the floor of the cell, his throat hacked from ear to ear.

At the Coroner's inquest the Warden testified that the boy was considered mentally defective; that he was therefore excused from work, and never punished.

Returning to my cell in the evening, my gaze meets the printed rules on the wall:

"The prison authorities desire to treat every prisoner in their charge with humanity and kindness. . . . The aim of all prison discipline is, by enforcing the law, to restrain the evil and to protect the innocent from further harm; to so apply the law upon the criminal as to produce a cure from his moral infirmities, by calling out the better principles of his nature."

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AN ANARCHIST IN EVOLUTION

II.

By Harry Kelly.

LIFE teaches us that every emotion or experience must be lived over again and again. The emotion varies in intensity, no doubt, but we live it as truly years after as the first time. Retrospection is, therefore, not a privilege of age; rather is it kin to the adventuresome spirit. It was said of Mary Kingsley that she would meet with more adventures crossing an English moor, than another traveling around the world.

Time is a marvelous thing, and it is small wonder that people can be found who worship at its shrine. It softens the asperities of other days and mellows the friendships that were; it also surrounds with a romantic tinge incidents that seemed commonplace when lived. Looking back at my life in London, it seems quite a wonderful experience. Perhaps it was not, but from this distance the sunsets had purple tints and the moon was encircled with golden rings. There were no great events, 'tis true; no conspiracies and no hair-breadth escapes; just a round of meetings and a ceaseless flow of propaganda. But it was overflowing life, for all that. Meetings everywhere and under the most varied circumstances. Open-air meetings in Hyde Park and at street corners, in halls of all kinds and sizes; even in a prize ring.

Does it sound symbolic to talk of meetings to further the Russian Revolution, held in a prize ring? Such they were. A hall that had once been a Jewish theatre in Whitechapel Road, had been transformed into a place for prize fights, and every Saturday night a number of fistic encounters were staged there. On other nights, the hall was rented

for mass meetings, but as everything remained as it was, the speakers had to address the audience from the ring. It was rather a difficult feat, as the audience sat in a circle, and there were always some people at one's back, even if the speaker had the forethought to turn around from time to time. A great many meetings were held in this place during the years 1902-1904, and the speakers were generally the same: Tchaykovsky as chairman, Tcherkesov as Russian speaker, Kahn, Wess, Baron or Rocker, in Yiddish, and myself in English. The meetings were generally large, and always enthusiastic.

My association with the Freedom Group began soon after my arrival in England, and was maintained until my return to America. The members of this group were quite remarkable men and women. This leads me to say that each Anarchist propagandist has some special distinction, a fact easily verified by those anxious to know. To be a believer in the philosophy of Anarchism is not difficult; to be a propagandist is exceedingly so. It is not an uncommon thing, however, to meet an individual, who in the first flush of youth fancies himself a Siegfried and existing institutions the dragon, and who later in life becomes one of the most pitiable of men, a disillusioned radical. Having sold his ideals for a mess of pottage, he seeks to prove that radicals, and especially Anarchists, have insane tendencies, or, even worse in his eyes, are moral delinquents. It is natural enough for such men to try to justify their apostasy, and as no very serious harm comes of it, we can afford to ignore them.

Freedom celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary nearly two years ago, so it is quite an adult paper. Lacking a little in spriteliness, perhaps, it improves with age, like wine. Its influence has been deep rather than broad, and it is a pleasure to think of my association with the paper and the group that publishes it. It was in its pages that Tcherkesov first punctured the Marxian theory of the Concentration of Capital and the destruction of the middle class, long before Bernstein of Germany, Van der Velde of Belgium and others wrote about it. It was there that Syndicalism was taught and advocated, before the term was clarified and the Syndicalist movement became the conscious expression of the masses.

Notwithstanding that *Freedom* advocates the most modern of social theories, there is an old world atmosphere about the office and an artistic charm to the people who conduct the paper. A small two-story building situated in a back yard, in one of the poorest neighborhoods of London, houses it, and there the paper plods from year to year, trying to spread light and hope to all mankind. The type is pretty badly worn and the press must have been with Noah in the Ark. Tom Cantwell, broken in health from a term of imprisonment because of a speech at the opening of the Tower Bridge, was the compositor for years. When the forms were ready, the rest of us assembled to print the paper. The press was large enough to print four pages, but it had neither power nor automatic delivery, so it required three people to operate it. The hardest work was turning the crank, and this was done by Turner, Tcherkesov, Netlau and Marsh, according to the time at their disposal; sometimes a laborer was called from the street and paid eighteen cents an hour, six cents more than the Dockers "tanner" (six pence). A. D. did the taking off and I did the feeding. As a pressman, it naturally fell to me to prepare the form, and many a gray hair did it give me. None of the men were workingmen, in the sense of having done physical labor, and turning that crank was the hardest kind of labor.

Tcherkesov was a Caucasian prince who has been an Anarchist for over forty years, earning his living for many years as a literay man. Netlau, the Austrian, was a professor, devoting his time to literary work. Marsh was a musician, and Turner a shop assistant at that time, as he is now an organizer for his union. A. D. earned her living by writing and teaching. Cantwell and I were the only simon-pure workingmen in the group, and at that time I was not working at my trade. While working at the machine, we made rather a picturesque group. A. D. always wore a black hat with a black veil, and black gloves while working; with her face with its fresh color and her gray hair she looked the picture of an old master. I have lived over those days at the *Freedom* office many a time since, and always with the keenest regret that they are gone.

Having always been fortunate in my friends, time

serves merely to beautify my relations with those of the *Freedom* Group. Association with such people makes for a group morality, and striving for such a cause as Anarchism creates a bond of friendship that makes conventional relationship pale in comparison. Earning a living was a painful necessity, but the real life was in the movement and intercourse with one's comrades. The latter compensated me for the drudgery of my daily life. Happy is the man who can choose his work and then throw himself into it, for then he lives a full life. As this has been denied me, the struggle for a newer and larger life has made for balance and prevented me from going into melancholia.

In addition to my work in the Anarchist movement, I joined the union of my trade, and soon became active there. Methods are different in England, and it required some time to become adapted to them. The average trade union meets once every three months, and in the interval the business is carried on by an Executive Committee of twelve members. A year or two after my arrival, an election occurred, and the members elected me to represent them on the London Trades Council. Our union was small and only entitled to one delegate, and my delegateship lasted for about two years. These things are mentioned because they bear upon my development, that being the burden of these articles. The Anarchist movement, at that time, was not directly connected with the labor movement, as it is to a large extent to-day.

The bulk of men and women who attended our meetings were workingmen and workingwomen, but the movement itself was outside and not a direct part of it. It has been my impression for some years now that Kropotkin, Tcherkesov, Tchaykovsky, Malatesta and others, themselves not of the working class, idealize the latter too much, the reason being that they have not worked with them day in, day out, in their unions and workshops. Possibly, this theory is wrong, and it is my earnest hope that it may be so, but I cannot help feeling that they are mistaken. It has always been my impression that the Russian peasant has been credited, by Russian writers and revolutionists, with far more virtues than he possesses. The one peasant I knew agreed with

me in this theory. Aladin, who played such a prominent rôle in the first Russian Duma, and who afterward visited this country with Tchaykovsky, was a peasant, and as is well known, was elected leader and spokesman of the Group of Toil in the first Duma. He assured me that the peasants were subject to the same vices and shortcomings as the men and women he had met in other walks of life. He had studied and lived in France, Belgium and England, and was a civil engineer, so he had about as much knowledge as the others, if he lacked their depth.

This has been my experience with workingmen here and in England. Shortly after my connection with the union in London, the Secretary was discovered to have falsified the accounts and to have spent over £60 of the union's money. He was probably the best educated man in the union, and—as it appeared to me—had slipped up through his association with other labor leaders, who earned more money than he. His salary was only two guineas a week, about ten dollars; not much for a man with time on his hands and among friends earning more. The members were bitter against him, as well they might be, the minimum wage for that craft being 25 shillings a week, and thirty was pretty high. They wanted to send him to prison, but I fought the proposition. My position in the union was favorable, owing to my being a stranger and holding a position outside the union that paid me considerably more money. This enabled me to fight for the man without being suspected of beeing too friendly with him. It was not so with the others, and even those who were inclined to agree with me that prosecution was merely vengeance and would not restore the money, dared not assist me. After a four-hour battle in which all parliamentary rules were disregarded, it was decided not to prosecute, by a majority of four or five.

The president of the union, who was a much inferior man intellectually and not a salaried one, was elected to the position of secretary. He accepted the position with a few glib remarks and promises for the future. Sad to relate, in nine months he got away with no less than one hundred and twenty pounds, or double what had previously been taken. The members were furious,

and my own feelings can better be imagined than described. My first impulse was to leave him to his fate, but Anarchistic principles finally triumphed, and I set to work to save him like his predecessor. The first one had been discovered through a sprained ankle, and he was absent when his case was considered. The second attended the meeting to hear his fate, and made a plea for mercy with a promise to restore the money. As he could only promise five shillings a week, it was pointed out to him that it would take something like twelve years to pay back the money he had taken. The offer seemed to infuriate the members, rather than placate them. Again we had a four or five-hour discussion, and it may be interesting at this point to relate that the discussion took place in the little chapel where Newton, the great astronomer, had delivered some of his most famous lectures. After a long and bitter fight, we won out again, and punishment was, as in the first case, limited to expulsion from the union. A week after the meeting new facts came to light. Evidence was discovered that the man had not only taken the money from his poverty-striken comrades, but that his wife had loaned it out to poor neighbors at a penny interest on the shilling per week. The Executive Committee, acting without authority, had the man sent to prison for three months' hard labor. By the time the union met again, he had almost served his sentence. The committee really voiced the sentiments of the membership, and was applauded for its action. I met the man shortly after his release from prison, and while my feelings were more or less bitter against him for his betrayal of his comrades, he looked so miserable it was impossible to repulse him. He had lost a child, while in prison, and in the few weeks he had been out had been discharged from several places because members of the union refused to work with him. His future was dark, as he did not seem to have energy enough to leave London, where he had been born and raised.

These, and other incidents, together with my activity in the general Anarchist movement, caused me to drop out of the union, and in this way my direct connection with the Labor movement was severed. I learned later that the secretary elected to succeed the one sent to

prison also embezzled some seventy or eighty pounds, so that our poor union had its own troubles.

FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY

Comrades and sympathizers of Boston and vicinity will be interested to know that a new group, "Bread and Freedom," has been organized for purposes of propaganda and self-education. Those wishing to participate in the work of this group should communicate, per letter, with the Secretary, H. Block, 501 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

* * *

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